Hum. At Barwicke, and come thus farre for helpe.
Poore man. I ſir, it was told me in my ſleepe,
That ſweete Saint Albones ſhould giue me my ſight againe.
Hum. What are lame too?
P.man. I indeede ſir, God helpe me.
Hum. How camſt thou lame?
P. man. With falling off a plum tree.
Hum. Wert thou blind & would climb plumtrees?
P. man. Neuer but once ſir in all my life,
My wife did long for plummes.
Hum. But tell me, wert thou borne blinde?
P.man. I truly ſir.
Woman. I indeed ſir, he was borne blinde.
Hum. What art thou his mother?
Woman. His wife ſir.
Hum. Hadſt thou beene his mother,
Thou couldſt haue better tolde.
Why let me ſee, I thinke thou canſt not ſee yet.
P.man. Yes truly maſter, as cleare as day.
Hum. Sayſt thou ſo: what colour's his cloake?
P. man, Red maſter, as red as blood.
Hum. And his cloake?
P.man. Why that's greene.
Hum. And what colour's his hoſe?
P. man. Yellow maſter, yellow as gold.
Hum. And what colour's my Gowne?
P.man. Blacke ſir, as blacke as Iet.
King. Then belike he knowes what colour iet is on.
Suf. And yet I thinke Iet did he neuer ſee.
Hum. But clokes & gowns ere this day many a one.
But tell me ſirra, what's my name?
P.man. Alas maſter I know not.
Hum. What's his name?
P.man. I know not.
Hum. Nor his?
P.man. No truly ſir.
Hum. Nor his name?

P.man.

P.man. No indeede ma
Hum. Whats thine own
P.man. Sander, and it p
Hum. Then Sander ſit t
dom. If thou hadſt bene b
knowne all our names, as
do weare. Sight may diſtin
minate them all, it is impo
hath done a miracle, & wo
great, that could reſtore th
P.man. Oh maſter I wo
Hum. My Maſters of S.
Haue you not Beadles in yo
And things call'd whippes?
Mayor. Yes my Lord,
Hum. Then ſend for one
Maior. Sirra, go fetch th
Hum. Now fetch me a ſt
Now ſirra, if you meane to
Leape me ouer this ſtoole, a
Ente
P.man. Alas maſter I am
You go about to torture m
Hum. VVell ſir, we muſt
Sirra Beadle, whip him till h
Beadle. I will my Lord, co
quickly.
Poore man. Alas maſter wh

After the Beadle hath hit him
runnes away, and they run a
racle.

Hum. A miracle, a miracle, I
through euery Market Tow
he was borne.
Maior. It ſhall be done my
Suf. My Lord Protector ha

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